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TRAINING OF THE VOICE

An Explanation of the Fundamentals of the Theory and Practice of Voice Development, together with adequate exercises

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PREFACE.

Effort has been made to present in this volume the explanation of the fundamentals of the theory and practice of voice development, together with adequate exercises.

It is by no means contended that a finished voice will result from following the work planned herein. A simple and clear statement of principles and exercises has been attempted. It is believed that the thoughtful student will find that a careful, systematic study and practice of the exercises will result in due time in distinct improvement of the voice. Results must not be expected too rapidly. Voice habits that have existed a number of years will tend to persist. It must never be expected, either, that improvement will result if the practice is irregular and careless. Let the practice be regular and

undertaken with the keenest attention and care, and results will follow.

At the beginning let the voice practice period be no longer than fifteen minutes. As the student advances this period may be lengthened to a half hour, and perhaps occasionally, to an hour.

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TRAINING OF THE VOICE

INTRODUCTION.

There seems to be in this day but very little realization of the relation that a well trained voice sustains to successful public speech. So few of our public speakers today have trained voices that it seems that one is justified in the conclusion that they do not consider the training of the voice as necessary to successful speech. There are a few public speakers who are known to have put no little time and training into the development of the speaking voice. But the frequency with which the voices of public speakers break down and the lack of sweetness, beauty, flexibility, and power in these same voices indicate that there has been little training applied to them.

And yet, it would seem that a little reflection upon the subject would show that one cannot hope to produce the greatest and

most effective results in speech except as the voice is trained. The study of the oratory of the great speakers of past ages shows that many of them spent much time in putting the voice under thorough vocal discipline.

The voice is the most wonderful of musical instruments. Just as all musical instruments made by the brains and skill of man are made according to certain well known scientific laws, so the human musical instrument must have been made to operate according to well known scientific laws. Therefore, if the instrument fails to operate according to established law it will fail to produce the qualities of tone desired. Environment, education, modes of living, tend to a breaking of these laws, and poor voices result.

When one considers the vast number of ideas in the world, the great number of feelings or emotions which the human race is capable of experiencing, and further that men communicate or attempt at least to communicate these ideas and feelings, one to another, it can readily be seen that

there must be a very remarkable instrument to perform this service for mankind. When it is remembered further that these ideas and emotions or passions are capable of being experienced not only singly but in great mixture or complexity, several kinds being present in a given situation, one must further be impressed with the marvelous character of the instrument that can convey all of this complexity. And yet this, the perfect voice is capable of doing. It is only an occasional voice like that of a Mme. Bernhardt, or of a Demosthenes or of a Wendell Phillips, that proves the point. One of the more important reasons for dramatic greatness or oratorical greatness is to be found in the fact of great vocal ability and excellence.

VOCAL EFFICIENCY AND SPEECH EFFECTIVENESS.

This brings us to the statement of a general principle that is of significance. One's speech effectiveness, other things being favorable, is dependent very, very largely

upon vocal efficiency. The impression which a speaker makes upon his audience is conditioned upon the ability of his voice to put into vocal form that which he wishes to say.

Dr. Hiram Corson, of Princeton University, says in a book which he has written, that for the great poets, dramatists, and orators, words do not stand for ideas. Words stand for sounds, and the idea is gained from the sound. Some thought will prove that this statement is true. Everyday experience shows that we gather the meaning of conversation as much from the tone in which the conversation is uttered as from the words chosen. Again and again a quality of tone in a speech has made us believe that the speaker has meant to convey just the opposite idea from that which the words conveyed. Anyone can determine this matter for himself. Select any sentence desired, and determine a meaning to be conveyed by the utterance of the sentence. Upon speaking the sentence, study carefully its vocal form. Now, change the meaning of the sentence with-

out changing any of the words. Speak the sentence and compare the vocal form with that first uttered. Select another meaning which these same words might express, and speak them again, without changing a single word in the sentence, and it will be discovered that another very different vocal form has resulted. It is evident, then, that we gather the meaning of what is said, as much, if not more, from the sound of the speech as from the words in which it is expressed.

It will be seen that this must be true from another point of view. The ideas and feelings which the human mind and soul are capable of experiencing are manifold. There must be a manifold number of symbols by which these human relations may be named and expressed. Therefore as civilization advances the number of word symbols rapidly increases. No two words express the same shade of meaning, therefore, an agent that is to be adequate for this task must be able to respond differently for every word symbol or phrase symbol which the person may use.

This is the task that is put upon the voice. If it is to convey ideas and emotions perfectly it must be able to respond differently every time the expression to be uttered differs. When, then, the personality is under the influence of a complex flow of ideas and emotions, it will be seen that the voice must be a very efficient organ if it is to express this complexity to those who are to hear.

The various qualities which the voice has at its command for expressing thought and feeling have been somewhat explained. They are pitch movement, time rate, purity or impurity of tone, volume, resonance, broad, full, narrow tones, and color.

In the matter of pitch it is found that the voice is capable of producing from twelve to twenty pitches according to the musical scale. But between the fixed pitches of the musical scale there are many pitches which the voice is capable of producing. These finer shades of pitch the speaking voice, when well developed, is continually using, although the singing voice uses, seldom, any but those indicated

on the musical scale. If the voice is capable of using but eight or ten or twelve pitches when it might use the full musical range of sixteen to twenty after careful training, it is patent that such a voice is inefficient. There will come thoughts that will demand for their expression a higher pitch or a lower pitch, or a finer shade of pitch, than the voice is capable of producing. This means that in speech such a voice will express much less effectively than it would with an increased number of pitches. Great flexibility of voice is to be sought earnestly so that this agent of expression may tell all that ought to be told. Turn to any one of the poems in Chapter VII. Read it through several times thoughtfully and it will be evident that great variety of pitch will be necessary to an adequate and really effective vocal reading of the poem.

Differences of ideas are also expressed through varying time rate. One thought will demand a much greater rapidity of utterance than will another. Study the movement of these lines:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

It will be observed that this bit of poetry has a most delightfully tripping movement in it, imitating the light, graceful, tripping movement of the feet in dancing. Successful vocal expression demands great flexibility of voice to secure the rapid changes of pitch demanded, and also fine flexibility of the agents of articulation,—tongue, lips, etc. If neither the voice nor the articulatory agents can move with the fine ease and rapidity needed, that is, if they are inefficient, then it follows that the speaker fails in securing as effective oral reading of the poem as it is the right of poetry to have. For this

matter of time rate compare the rate of utterance demanded in the reading of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells," and "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Bryant, both in Chapter VII.

A pure tone is one in which there is no breathiness. A tone which is breathy has in it somewhat of the quality of a whisper. Scientifically speaking, a breathy tone is one in which part of the air passes the vocal cords without being vocalized. Many kinds of emotion demand a breathy tone if there is to be true expression. Fear, hate, distrust, and others belong to this class. By far the greater portion of speech, however, demands purity of tone. Select any poem from the voice selections, or any of the speeches in the book of Practice Selections, and read them aloud two or three times, increasing the breathiness of the tone each time, and it will be seen how greatly the effectiveness of the speaking is marred by the breathy quality. A voice that is habitually breathy cannot hope, then, to be as expressive as one that is thoroughly pure, tonally.

It is not necessary to dwell to any extent upon the differing degrees of volume necessary to adequate expressiveness of voice. This one observation needs to be made, perhaps. Many find it difficult to use large volume without injury to the vocal apparatus. The voice breaks down under its continued use. Many men entering public life have found this true, to their sorrow. Then again, without training, few find themselves able to use very small volumes of tone which must be used in the finer, sweeter and tenderer types of speech, without the loss of purity of tone. The loss of purity means that many will not hear the speech, for the impure tones do not carry well; and means, further, that the expression suffers, for many types of speech cannot be adequately expressed by the whispered or the breathy tone.

The voice must be capable, also, of using either round, full tones, or narrow ones according to the nature of the thought or feeling to be conveyed. Compare the following excerpts:

"The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paced restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold."

"I hate him, for he is a Christian."

It will be realized at once that the first quotation will demand far fuller, broader, rounder tones for its expression than does the second. An attempt to speak the second with the same qualities of tones used in the utterance of the first, or vice versa, establishes the principle. An accomplished voice must be able to respond immediately with such size of tone as the thought may require.

Color of tone is a term used to describe a practically indefinable quality of the human voice. It is a characteristic which is ever changing, in the well trained voice, with every shade of thought and emotion. Color is that quality of voice which assists the hearer in determining the emotional mood of the speaker.

All recognize the tone of love, of tenderness, of sympathy, of fear, of pain. Each emotion produces a different quality in the voice aside from pitch and size. It unconsciously comes into the tone; we never plan to call it into being. But this is to be said, that the more perfectly the vocal instrument is trained, the more finely, instantly and fully does the color of the tone manifest itself, thus greatly adding to the effectiveness of the utterance.

It appears clear, then, that effectiveness of speech is very dependent upon vocal efficiency.

GOOD VOICES DUE TO TRAINING.

Frequently it has been asked, "But is not a remarkable voice born rather than made?" The reply always is that while perhaps the most remarkable voices are born and not made, yet even they are after a manner made, for without the discipline and the training which they have all passed through they would never have appeared to the world as remarkable voices. It is the author's privilege to observe and judge on

the average of close to three hundred voices every year and it is his conviction that while perhaps natively wonderful voices may be rare, really excellent native voices are common. The point is not that good voices are rare, but that few voices are used correctly, and being used incorrectly they appear to be poor, or even very bad voices. Experience shows again and again that that voice which appears at first hearing as very, very poor is really a very excellent voice after it has been brought into correct use through proper training and discipline.

Again it may be said that one cannot train a voice by means of the printed text, and the author agrees that this is true, but it is believed true also that the printed page may state much and give such exercises as will be of decided benefit to the earnest student. While through the printed lesson it may be impossible to give to the human voice the highest training, it is possible through this means to make the voice a much better instrument for the expression of ideas and feelings and purposes than it now is. Therefore,

acting upon this conviction the author has no hesitancy in putting before the student in the following pages some suggestions which he believes the student may apply with pretty fair success.

Let this thought be ever before the student, however, that two points must always be borne in mind. If the voice is to be really trained there must be first, careful, persistent, and regular practice; second, results must not be expected in too short a time. If the voice is as wonderful an instrument as has been contended, and no thinking individual will gainsay the contention, then it must be agreed at once that to train so wonderful an instrument is not a matter of a few days or even a few weeks. But let it be observed further that while it may take a long time to bring this instrument to a high state of perfection, yet acceptable, practical results may be confidently expected within the comparatively short time of a few months if earnest, persistent and regular practice is held to.

Let there be ever before the mind of the

student the idea that tone production is a scientific process in its final analysis, and, therefore, if we know the science governing tone production and will put the voice under the correct training—the correct scientific training—results may be just as scientifically guaranteed as will be found to be true in any other field of science, such as mechanics, physics, or chemistry. This is exactly the case. A high grade piano or violin or other musical instrument is high grade because the laws governing the building of that instrument have first been thoroughly understood, and, second, thoroughly obeyed. In the same manner the voice is a scientific instrument and the result of its operation will be high grade or otherwise in the direct degree as the scientific operation of the instrument has been observed.

These scientific laws of vocal operation are well understood and, therefore, there need be but the understanding of them by the student and the proper practice to bring results that will be satisfactory at least.

Let there be considered next the qualities

that one would expect to find in a normally excellent voice. There will be present in this voice, first, purity of tone; second, a fair degree of musical quality; third, flexibility, and, fourth, a working amount of power or volume. The majority of voices are decidedly lacking in all of these characteristics just mentioned. Voices instead of being pure are breathy, instead of being musical or resonant are hard, rasping, piercing, dull, and gruff in quality. Instead of being flexible they are slow and heavy in movement, and while occasionally voices of power or volume are heard, in the main they are inadequate to the size of the audience and the room.

It is thoroughly believed that, if the exercises appended to the discussion which follows are faithfully and persistently practiced, the qualities of purity, resonance or musical quality, flexibility and power will be sure to follow.

CHAPTER I.

CONDITIONS AFFECTING TONE PRODUCTION.

There are several conditions that must be established if the best results are to be obtained. There must be first a perfectly free, easy, and unrestrained action of the entire vocal apparatus. Tone production must be a thoroughly easy operation. All vocal faults can be traced almost invariably either to the fault of vocal effort or to an incorrect adjustment of the vocal apparatus. Even though the voice is used in a completely free manner, if there is an incorrect adjustment of the vocal machinery, if this term may be used, there will not follow the best voice results.

ADJUSTMENT OF THE VOCAL APPARATUS.

The following may be taken as the correct adjustment of the tone-producing ap-

paratus: first, a relaxed, open, and still throat; second, the jaw dropped comfortably low and held in this position without any rigidity or straining, the tongue flat in the mouth, the tip of the tongue resting gently against the lower teeth, and the lips rounded into a position similar to the capital "O."

EXERCISES FOR SECURING AN OPEN THROAT.

Two exercises are suggested for securing the open, relaxed throat. When one indulges in an easy and gentle yawn there is immediately brought about that position of the throat, and generally also of the mouth, which is the correct position for tone production. Frequent attention to this yawning process will soon teach one the physical sensation of an open, relaxed throat. One may next, by pretending that he has a desire to yawn gently, bring about in the throat the same free, open position.

Another exercise may be taken to help secure the open throat. Imagine there is a glass of water in the hand. Gently raise it to the lips as in the act of preparing to drink. If this is done easily and relaxedly, it also will produce that state of open throat which is not only to be desired, but absolutely essential. It will be seen at once that in practicing this yawning exercise or that of drinking, there is a dropping of the jaw. In many cases this movement will be rather stiff and there will not be as much of the dropping or lowering of the jaw as there should be. For an adequate tone production of nearly all vowels there ought to be the distance of at least two fingers between the teeth. It may be found necessary to massage the muscles around the jaw joints and underneath the jaw if this organ is to drop as easily as it should and be held as relaxed as is necessary. It may be necessary to loosen and free through manipulation all of the muscles of the throat, or rather the neck, both in front and back.

The next step is to see that this position

is maintained during the speech. Let it be observed that no matter what movements the tip of the tongue and the lips may take the throat position is to remain uniformly the same throughout all types of articulation and pronunciation.

EXERCISE FOR TRAINING THE TONGUE.

To assist in training the tongue to its proper position use the following exercises. Let the mouth be easily closed without the lower teeth touching the upper. In all probability in this position the tongue is lying in its normal position, namely flat in the mouth, the tip of the tongue resting within the lower teeth—not over the upper edge of the teeth, but gently against the inner side. Easily and rather quickly, without jerking, drop the jaw, seeing that in the action the tongue does not move from its position. Frequent practice of this exercise will enable the speaker to drop the jaw for any mode of speech without the tongue moving from its place except, of course, when

it may be needed for making one of its own consonants, l, t, d, s, and others.

EXERCISES FOR SECURING POSITION OF LIPS.

It will be found that in many, many cases the lips will not readily take the position desired. They will be held too flat against the teeth. The corners of the mouth will tend to draw tightly backward. In such cases it would be wise to use the fingers to draw the corners of the mouth toward the centre until the lips are puckered much. Frequent resort to this exercise will soon produce the loosening of the lip muscles until they will pretty readily upon demand take the position of the capital O. But it must be observed further that in this position, the capital O, the lips gently flare outward. The puckering of the lips for whistling or the formation of the lips in pronouncing very definitely the letter "w," will give the proper position in the start of vowel production. This, and the following ex-

ercises are to be taken without the use of the voice, or even a whisper.

As a further training of the lip position use the syllable "wo," then "waw," then "wah" (the sound of "a" as in father) and repeat each syllable rapidly in a series of six or eight repetitions. Let this be done first without voice, using the looking glass to see that there is a puckering of the lips toward the center and that in opening into the vowel, the capital O of the mouth is secured, lips are flared gently, and the corners of the mouth kept gently from drawing back. After these vowels have been mastered, the remaining vowels of the alphabet may be practiced in the same manner, keeping the lip position always the same. The science of language shows that one vowel is different from another not by reason of any difference of lip formation, but by reason of the difference of tongue position; so while there may be some difference in the size of the opening in the various vowels, there should be no real difference in the shape of that opening. One will need to continue his practice of

dropping the jaw until it can be done, without a particle of effort, to the extent of putting three fingers between the teeth. This extreme opening may not be necessary often, but when it is necessary one will wisl to be able to do it without effort, thus secur ing the best tone results.

PLACING THE VOICE.

The third requisite of correct tone production is the proper "placing" of the voice, as it is called. Scientifically this may be rather difficult to explain, but practically it is simple. Every musical tone is made up of what we may call the raw tone which is acted upon by certain surfaces and the air and converted into a beautiful musical tone. The raw tone of the voice is made in the larynx by the vibration of the air by the vocal cords. This vibrated air then is acted upon by the air in the chest, the throat, the mouth, the nasal and the frontal cavities, and made into a stronger and more beautiful tone. The last things to affect the human tone are the lips and,

therefore, we say all finished tone is to be placed at the lips. In the great majority of voices the centre of the finished tone is anywhere from the teeth back to the larynx. And so our processes of training will assist us in bringing the finished tone to the lips.

EXERCISES FOR PLACEMENT OF TONE.

Under the heading, "Exercises for Securing Position of the Lips," there were given a small group of exercises. These may be made the basis of the work in tone-placing. The end desired is that of bringing the finished tone forward, as it is called, until it is localized or focused at the lips. The physical sensation will be this, that the tone seems to be created at and proceed from the lips. The tone will appear to be entirely separated from the vocal cords, which would naturally be the point, it would seem, at which the tone ought to be localized.

Any physical sensation, during tone production, at any point in the throat is

proof that the process of making the tone is wrong. It is desired to relieve the throat, and especially the vocal cords, from all effort, tension, rigidity and forcing. Physical sensation in the throat while tone is being made indicates effort, forcing, or some kind of activity that ought not to be present. Such unwarranted activity will mean interference with the correct vocal action, and a subsequent poorer tone. If continued, there may follow permanent injury to the vocal cords. What is known as the public speaker's and clergyman's sore throat is caused by this forcing of the vocal process. Of all cautions to remember, the most important is, that vocal production, whatever the volume, must be perfectly free and easy.

It is essential, therefore, that the voice user learn to localize the voice at some other point than at the vocal cords. Experience has shown that this other point is at the edge of the lips. Since also the position of the lips affects the quality of the tone, this is found to be another reason for placing the voice at the lips.

Having mastered the exercises in the preceding section given for securing the rounded, gently puckered lip position, begin to use the same exercises for placing the tone at the lips. In the first use of the syllables there was to be no voice or whispered quality. The exercise was physical, pure and simple. Now use the voice.

Take the first syllable, "wo." Use it three times in succession, "wo-wo-wo," seeing that the tone flow is continuous. Use the looking glass to see that the lips round well, that they pucker slightly, and that the corners of the mouth are not drawn back. Keep the corners of the mouth as still as possible, without stiffness, at all times. As each syllable is spoken let the voice use the rising inflection, the pitch in general being that which would be used in ordinary conversation. The rising inflection is that which is used in a question. Ask the question, "Who?" as if asking for the repetition of a name, in the usual pitches and there will be secured the typical rising inflection.

In this same manner follow the prac-

tice of "wo" with "waw," "wah," "wou," in "wound," and "woi," as in "voice." During the use of the syllables in this manner, the student is continually to think the tone at the lips. He is to believe that the mind, and not the throat nor the vocal cords, is making the tone. Localize, that is, place, the tone at the lips. As the mind grows in its power to concentrate upon this point the results will appear more rapidly.

Having mastered the vowels already given, proceed to the practice of all the other vowel qualities in the same manner. The student will soon learn when the exercise has been mastered, for there will come to him a physical sensation that the tone actually dwells at the lips.

Having mastered all the vowels with the use of the rising inflection, continue the practice by mastering the same vowels with the falling inflection. The falling inflection is used in a statement, in an assertion. "I am well." In speaking this sentence the voice will use the falling inflection upon "well." Use the same inflection

in practicing the vowel work of the new series.

When the student thinks he has accomplished the work thus set forth fairly well, he may continue the practice for placement by taking some of the sentences, the shorter ones first, and practicing them with the idea of localizing the tones at the lips. In this new work there is to be given no thought concerning the inflections. Compel the brain to recognize the thought, and to create the thought as the voice speaks the sentence, but as before use the looking glass to see that the lips are forming the mould correctly, and also see that the mind is thinking the tones at the lips. Daily practice of this work will in due time bring about an instinctive placement of the tone at the proper point.

After the sentences have been practiced sufficiently, the student may use an entire stanza or paragraph. After a while a habit is formed of continually giving some attention to this matter.

CHAPTER II.

CORRECT BREATHING.

The last consideration that must be brought out in connection with correct tone production is the matter of breathing. Great confusion has existed in the minds of many concerning the true method of breathing for tone production, but it may be confidently asserted that among the best teachers of both the singing and the speaking voice the general agreement is that the proper method of breathing established by nature for health is identically the same method for tone production, and anatomists and physiologists have called this system of breathing the diaphragmatic.

This mode of breathing is called the diaphragmatic from the fact that the center of its control is established in the diaphragm. The diaphragm is a large muscle dividing the thorax, or upper cavity, of the

body from the abdominal cavity. At rest it resembles an inverted basin. The circumference of the diaphragm is attached to the inner wall of the body. Its location may easily be ascertained by placing the hand over the soft spot a few inches directly below the breast bone. If the hand is placed over the pit of the stomach, it would be in proper position to note the action of the diaphragm in the breathing process.

PROCESS OF HEALTH BREATHING.

This process is as follows: It was said that the diaphragm at rest and relaxed is like an inverted basin. When an inhalation of breath is made, this large muscle begins to flatten itself and in so doing presses forward the edge of the diaphragm at its point of contact with the wall of the body. As a natural consequence there is an expansion of the wall of the body—an expansion which is readily felt if the palm is placed at the point indicated above. This expansion of the wall of the body begins at the very

instant of inhalation directly in the centre of the front wall. The expansion continues until the entire circumference of the body has participated in it, but it will be observed in tracing the expansion from the front to the backbone that the amount of expansion decreases the nearer the backbone is approached. This is due to the fact that from the sides to the backbone the attachment of the diaphragm to the wall of the body shows the presence of more of muscle and of cartilage. At the very back there is the backbone with all of its muscles and tendons. At the front wall of the body there is very little of the accompanying muscle or cartilage, and as the floating or lower ribs are unattached to the breast bone, this provides for the possibility of very great expansion of the wall of the body in the front.

Accompanying this expansion at the circumference of the diaphragm there will also be an expansion of the entire chest beginning at the diaphragm and passing upward. It will be noted, and carefully noted, that there must be no upward movement of

the chest. The law is that the chest is to be held high and free and flexible in the fullest inhalation of breath. When the lungs are expanded to their capacity there will be practically no raising of the chest wall if it is held normally high.

This is what is meant properly by the term deep breathing: Beginning at the diaphragm there is an expansion of the entire torso, reaching to the chest. In the exhalation there is a gradual receding of the expansion that has been secured. The center of the receding movement, however, is the same as the center of the expansive movement, namely, the diaphragm. In both inhalation and exhalation the diaphragm is the governing agent and it needs to be brought under such intelligent control of the mind and will that the supply of air given to the vocal cords will be properly conditioned to the particular type of speech involved.

One further point needs to be made if the voice is to create volume with safety to the vocal cords and with the preservation of a pleasing quality, and if it is to stand

the strain of a long period of speaking. It must have what is called support. As has been said the diaphragm is the muscle controlling the entire breathing situation, but it is not alone in that control. It in turn is aided by other muscles. Directly under the diaphragm, at its front circumference, are two sets of muscles attached to both the diaphragm and the wall of the body. These muscles are called the transversalis and obliqui muscles.

These are the supporting muscles, acting according to the degree of power and steadiness needed by the voice. The diaphragm contracts or strengthens itself without rigidity, and immediately begins to press down upon the transversalis and obliqui muscles, which in turn contract and strengthen themselves and begin to press up, thus affording a support to the diaphragm.

BREATHING FOR TONE PRODUCTION.

This, then, is the process of breathing for tone production:

When there is a desire to speak an inhalation of breath is made, and the diaphragm contracting flattens itself, bringing about an expansion of the wall of the body according to the amount of air inhaled. This expansion continues upward from the diaphragmatic region to the chest. When the desired amount of air is secured the exhalation does not begin immediately as in health breathing. The diaphragm stops its contracting and downward movement, and practically speaking, holds itself still in that position, at the same instant the supporting muscles, the transversalis and obliqui, directly under the diaphragm contract themselves permitting the strong diaphragm to rest upon them, and then, they gently or more vigorously, and slowly or more rapidly, force the diaphragm up. This action whereby the diaphragm, slowly or rapidly, easily or vigorously, is forced up is the mode whereby the breath is supplied to the vocal apparatus for the production of the tone or speech.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

NO. 1.

Stand with the back to the wall touching the wall at every point possible from the back of the head to the heels. See that the chest is held high, that the shoulder blades touch the wall. If this condition is brought about the abdominal wall will recede and become flat. The higher the chest is held, the flatter the abdominal wall will become. Let hands hang easily, relaxedly at the sides. Now place palm of one hand over the stomach directly below the breast bone, the soft spot which is easily discovered; exhale all the air possible, seeing that there is no sinking or lowering of the chest wall, but at the same time that there is an inward movement of the wall of the body under the palm.

Now begin an inhalation easily and smoothly, seeing that the expansion of the body begins directly underneath the palm below the breast bone. If the expansion

does not begin there, keep persistently at the practice until it does begin there, because there can be no proper breathing method that does not have its beginning with the diaphragm; and this will be indicated by the expansion of the circumference as already explained.

When it is sure that there is this beginning of the expansion at the point indicated, it will need to be noted next that in exhalation the wall of the body recedes.

When this habit of expansion and contraction has been thoroughly established with a very medium supply of air, continue the practice until there has been brought about the expansion of the whole upper torso. It must be observed, however, that in the completest inhalation there is no upward movement of the chest wall, and in the exhalation no sinking of the chest wall. It must be further observed that when the lungs have filled to their capacity there is brought about no stiffness or rigidity of the muscles of the chest, or neck, or sides. See that in all of this inhalation and exhala-

tion the movement is smooth, steady and controlled.

NO. 2.

Take the standing position indicated in exercise one, away from the wall, however, and with the weight of the body poised gently forward on the balls of the feet. Inhale, noting by test of the hand, that there is the proper expansion at the proper point. Taking but a normal breath in this inhalation, do not permit the exhalation to begin at once. Hold the breath for a few seconds, seeing that the breath is held by preventing the diaphragm from receding and not by stiffening and tightening the muscles in the throat. Care must be taken at this point to free the throat from any inclination to retain the breath. Let it be remembered always, at all times, there must be the open, relaxed, and still throat. Now noting that the diaphragm has not receded and thus has prevented any breath from being exhaled, see how slowly you can permit the breath to be exhaled by a smooth, steady, relaxation of the diaphragm.

NO. 3.

After securing position take a normally large breath. Hold a moment at the diaphragmatic center, exhale part of the air, hold again with the diaphragm, exhale again, hold again, then exhale the remainder of air not suddenly, but smoothly, and controlledly. Continue this exercise until a fairly large inhalation is exhaled with at least five controlled interruptions.

NO. 4.

Take your position, inhale a somewhat more than ordinary amount of air and let the air be expelled this time slowly and steadily in the following manner: Pucker the lips until there is a very small opening and press the air through that opening with some little force seeing that that force is supplied at the diaphragmatic center and not by any muscles in the throat.

NO. 5.

Correct standing position, inhale, hold the diaphragm, pucker the lips, expel the air in three short puffs as if you were blow-

ing out a candle. See that the power for this expulsion of air comes from the diaphragm assisted by the supporting muscles and not by the throat.

NO. 6.

Proper position, inhale, hold, press the air out now rather rapidly through the puckered position in one continuous stream.

NO. 7.

Correct position, inhale fully, pucker the lips, expel the air very forcefully in three to five expulsions.

NO. 8.

Take the preceding exercises indicated with the puckered lips in the same manner except that now the mouth position should be that of a gentle yawn, the teeth separated the distance of between two and three fingers. These exercises if persistently practiced will establish a proper control of the air column for speech.

Exercise, perhaps, ought to be given as a means of strengthening the diaphragm.

Assume the correct standing position, place the hand over the diaphragm and without any inhalation of air, by means of a sudden contraction of the diaphragm press the hand away. Relax immediately. Do this a number of times until you have a complete will control of the diaphragm.

Next press the diaphragm down and out as in the preceding exercises, but instead of relaxing at once, hold the diaphragm strongly at first. Hold it in this position for a few seconds, but as you practice from week to week increase the length of the holding to several seconds, at the same time putting greater and greater strength into the contraction of the diaphragm.

If the foregoing exercises have been mastered the application to speech will be comparatively easy. Breath will be taken at every pause. The length of the succeeding phrase will, together with the power desired, determine the amount of air to be needed and the degree of pressure by the controlling muscles in order that there may be a correct air supply.

In smooth, steady speech, there will have

to be a smooth, evenly controlled supply of air; in a phrase or sentence where the volume grows as the speech proceeds, there will have to be a greater supply of air, secured through a more rapid and stronger pressure of the controlling muscles. In the so-called explosive utterance, the breath is supplied to the vocal apparatus in larger quantity, and with much greater rapidity and force, by a very quick muscular pressure.

It is to be always remembered that volume can be safely developed only as there has been secured, first, purity of tone; second, a thoroughly relaxed throat with the proper support of the controlling muscles, and third, the placement of the tone at the lips.

CHAPTER III.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TONE PRODUCTION.

Already, in the exercises given for tone placement, it has been suggested that the making of the tone is not governed entirely by the physical processes,—that tone is not a thing entirely produced by mechanical operation.

There is a school of voice teachers who maintain that tone production is wholly a matter of correct action of the tone producing apparatus. There is another school which maintains that tone is wholly a matter of proper thought. One of the teachers of this latter school has written that one who can think a beautiful tone can make it, without giving any attention to those matters which have been set forth in the discussion and the exercises of this treatise.

The author cannot believe completely with either school. It cannot be successfully proven that a musical tone can be made under whatever adjustment and operation the vocal apparatus may take. The scientific adjustment and action of the vocal organs are necessary if excellent tone is to result.

It is also true that the mind plays a very large part in this process. There can be no question of the fact that when the mind thinks a quality of tone the vocal apparatus tends to adjust itself for the making of that quality. But if through long use of incorrect adjustments and operations these adjustments and operations have become fixed, thoroughly habitual, it will be found that the conception by the mind of a beautiful tone is not sufficient to bring about that adjustment which will make a beautiful tone. It is then that there is made necessary the use of the methods of mechanics. When through conscious attention and continued practice there has been fixed the correct adjustment and operation, then the whole situation may be

controlled through the mind's demanding a quality of tone rather than a given mechanical operation. It is believed, further, though, that it will be necessary that a continual watchfulness of the adjustment and operation be maintained. Wrong habits easily assert and fix themselves. Even when seemingly conquered these habits may again assert themselves with but little encouragement.

It will be wise, therefore, for the student to make a practice of listening to tones, human and those produced by musical instruments, that he may develop a sense of what good tone is, and learn to make intelligent discriminations between that which is good, and that which is poor. It will be particularly of use to fix in the mind the qualities of fine musical tone. As the mind learns to know what is satisfactory musical tone there will become fixed for the student a standard of excellent speech tones, for an acceptable speech tone will have the same qualities that an acceptable musical tone possesses—purity, fullness, resonance, softness and richness, flexibility

and brilliance. What cannot the human voice express with these qualities at its call!

When there has been developed in the mind a standard of musical tone this standard will be demanded by the will as the tone is made. When the physical operations of tone production can do so they will respond correctly and give forth the standard asked, but when the adjustment and operation do not come spontaneously into correct action, then it will be necessary for the student to set his mind upon securing these and nothing else. Thus the two forces will work hand in hand, bringing about in a reasonable length of time a reformation of the vocal quality.

Let the mind ever think of the qualities of tone desired; let the student think the tone at the lips; let the mind think relaxation of the entire vocal apparatus; let the mind thinl: tone control; and so on to the end. When through the vocal practice a satisfactory quality of tone has been secured, it is a simple matter to carry these same qualities into one's speech, for by this time

vocal habits of the correct type have been fixed, and the speaker can give his entire attention to thought and feeling with the confidence that proper tones will follow spontaneously. Vocal efficiency will then mean speech effectiveness.

CHAPTER IV.

PRACTICE OF THE VOICE EXERCISES.

After the vowels have been mastered through the exercises provided in the preceding discussion,[1] the student is ready to take up the practice of the following sentences and phrases.

The first caution is to remember that one is not speaking words, but phrases. The units of speech and of tone production are identical, namely, the phrase. The length of the phrase is decided, not by the punctuation, but by the thought relations. This was pretty thoroughly discussed heretofore

The phrase, then, is the unit of voice, and the phrase from the standpoint of tone production is but a group of syllables, and it is to be spoken as a word of a number of syllables is spoken, that is, with

[1] Exercises for Placement, page 24.

a smooth, close grouping of the syllables, thus preventing any break in the flow of tone within the phrase. The breath is to be taken at the end of every phrase.

As each exercise is taken, determine first what the thought is; before beginning the speech see that there is an easy control of a comfortable breath; that the throat is well open and relaxed; let the mind focus, that is, localize, the tone at the lips; see to it that the lips are rounded well, and form the consonants cleanly; speak in the usual middle pitches of the voice, and finally, let the mind demand free, easy changes of pitch called modulations. The nature of the thought will determine these modulations.

See that the exercises are repeatedly practiced, each exercise over and over again. The secret of education is repetition. When the exercise is a short one fifty thoughtful and careful repetitions would be none too much. However, it will not be wise at the start to practice too long at one period. Fifteen minutes will be a sufficient period of vocal practice at the beginning.

Do not forget as the practice of the short sentences is taken up, to compel the mind to focus the tone at the lips. Watch that the lips assume the correct mould, and do not let the corners of the mouth draw back to any extent.

Watch always that the open, relaxed, and still throat is maintained during the sentence practice. If this condition can be mastered in these exercises it is mastered for all voice production. Let the mind take particular pains to demand the open throat upon the more easy vowels,—o, ah, aw, and the diphthongs ou and oi.

PHRASES AND SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE, TO SECURE PURITY AND RESONANCE.

Without waited the women.

Over the meadows a drum beat.

We sit in the warm shade.

What one had was another's.

With a summons sonorous.

Will you walk among the weeping-willows?

The wide world waits for the wonderful worker.

Were you a woman, youth, I would willingly woo you.

"I came like water and like wind I go
Into the universe, why, not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

Note.—In the practice of the exercises given above, see to it that all "w's" are formed very definitely with the centre of the lips—by puckering the lips into a rounded mold, with a slight flare of the edges.

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, and over it softly her warm ear lays.

Made of marble; men might march on nor be pressed, twelve abreast.

Martha, Martha, thou are much troubled about many things.

Maud mounted the moving machine in a most masterly manner.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances.

Note.—See to it that all the "m's" and "n's" are made with full resonance. A tingling sensation upon the lips is indicative of correct production.

CHAPTER V.

TO SECURE DISTINCT ARTICULATION WITH SMOOTHNESS OF UTTERANCE.

The following groups of words and sentences are to be used to acquire a clean-cut, flexible, free and perfectly smooth consonant articulation. Someone has said that in proper speech there is a flow of tone produced by the vowels, with the consonants as islands in the stream of tone. The consonants must be heard, but they must not be allowed to cut into and interrupt the flow of tone. While paying particular attention to the consonants, the student must not fail to apply the instructions given for the preceding sentences. Give each group of words as if they formed a single phrase; do not give them one word at a time.

Bold, hailed, tolled, scold.
Elf, wolf, gulf, sylph, health.

Milk, silk, bulk, hulk, sulk.
Elm, helm, whelm, film, whilst.
Help, gulp, alp, scalp, halp.
Falls, tells, toils, halls, stalls.
Fault, melt, bolt, hilt, silt.
Elve, delve, revolve, resolve.
Maim'd, claim'd, gloom'd, doom'd.
Streams, gleams, climes, stems.
Land, band, and, hand, gland, strand.
Dens, runs, gains, gleans, weans.
Bank, dank, sank, link, trink, slink.
Dance, glance, hence, advance, trance.
Ant, want, gaunt, point, voice, groin.
Chasm, schism, prison, listen, glisten.
Asp, clasp, grasp, fast, passed.
Vast, mast, lest, vest, vestiture.
Act, fact, reject, select.
Able, Bible, double, trouble.
Ample, triple, topple, bubble.
Troubl'd, bubbl'd, doubl'd, mumbl'd.
Cradl'd, saddl'd, idl'd, bridl'd.
Arm'st, charm'st, grow'st, bestow'st.

Benjamin Bramble Blimber, a blundering banker, borrowed the baker's birchen broom to brush the blinding cobwebs from his brain.

Benjamin Brown brought the book.

Both brown beauties bit the black bait.

Value virtue highly.

Brawny brown brutes bounded back, breaking the big bridge.

Pictures of palaces please the eye.

Be bold, be bold, be not too bold.

Poverty and pride are poor companions.

Many men are misled by fame.

Bind boughs upon his brow.

Much learning hath made thee mad.

Milestones mark the march of time.

Basely they bound him to the beach.

Various views are valuable.

Vile villains vent their vengeance.

Pickwick Papers, Part First.

The measure of man is mind.

Through the thin cloth the thief thrust thorns.

Thick and thicker fell the hail.

Tie taut the tent and test it.

Double double, toil and trouble.

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

That fellow shot a minnow on a willow, in a narrow meadow, near the yellow house.

Surely slowness and slovenliness should be shunned.

Masses of immense magnitude move majestically through the vast empire of the solar system.

Three thousand soldiers thoughtlessly threw themselves away.

"Amidst the mists with angry boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

Two toads tried to trot to Tedburg.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

"My weak words have struck but thus much show of fire."

Ponto, the puppy, puffing uninterruptedly, jumped up on the top of the porch.

Pluma placed a pewter platter on a pile of plates.

Up a high hill he heaved a huge, round stone.

The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.

It raineth and then it ceaseth to rain.

The listlessness and laziness of the frivolous.

Many unmanageable monsters, married to magnanimous men, make much mischief.

Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.

Flags fluttered fretfully from foreign fortifications and fleets.

The stripling stranger strayed straight toward the struggling stream.

When William went west where Wheeler was working, we wished we were where we could watch him.

Tom treated the delicate subject touchingly, tenderly and tactfully.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe
Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh
from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from
the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track
of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined,
or passed on the highway.

—*Longfellow.*

If a plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy had a
fad for adding,
Would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy
be an adder?
And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie addled
daddy in his adding,
Would the plaid-clad laddie's daddy make
the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?

"Men's manners, more than merit, make or mar their fortunes."

"Vice often wears variegated velvet, while virtue walks in vulgar velveteen."

"A figure regal-like, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by, whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

"In this—God's—world, with its wild, whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, dost thou think there is therefore no justice?"

CHAPTER VI.

SHORT EXERCISES FOR PURITY OF TONE, EASY PHRASING AND DISTINCT ARTICULATION.

The next thirteen excerpts are to be used in the applying to a few sentences, either prose or poetic, the suggestions made in the two preceding groups of exercises. Always must the students determine: first, what the thought is; second, how that thought determines the phrasing. These two matters being fixed upon, proceed with the practice, bearing in mind the suggestions for open throat, placement, breath supply, and ease and flexibility of modulations. The student will need to carry in his mind all the time the ideal voice which he desires to acquire.

When there has been satisfactory practice of these excerpts as voice exercises, speak them several times to an imaginary

audience, thinking of conveying to the audience the sense and the feeling, and giving but slight attention to matters of voice. Let the ear give enough attention to the vocal quality that it may detect any poor quality. If such there be, emphasize practice upon that point of failure until it is mastered, and then speak the same exercise as a speech. Keep at it until the defective part has been eliminated.

Our minds are like certain vehicles, when they have little to carry they make much noise about it, but when heavily loaded they run quietly.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
  Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
  The mind's the standard of the man.
—*Dr. Watts.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries;

And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Shakespeare.*

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition.—*John Neal.*

Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the
mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias
rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

—*Pope.*

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

—*Addison.*

"To all the prize is open;
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
'I'll find a way, or make it!' "

"Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown."

No man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Work with your hands, work with your mind,
Just as your nature has fitly designed;
Build ye a temple, hew out a stone,
Do ye a work, just to call it your own.
Write out a thought—to lighten the labor
Of that one who reads it, it may be your neighbor.
Work, as each day hastens away,

Bearing along the bright and the gay;
Live out a life of excellent worth,
Having bestowed on the source of your birth
Garlands in works, to brighten the earth!

—*Henry Proverb.*

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*G. D. Boardman.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Bailey.*

"The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold."

CHAPTER VII.

EXERCISES TO SECURE FLEXIBILITY.

The following poems are lyric in nature. They possess a very tripping, free, and rhythmical movement. The practice vocally of these poems should bring a far greater freedom, ease, and flexibility to the voice. Because of the meter and rhythm of the poetry the student will need to see clearly the thought values, if he is to avoid a sing-song utterance. It must be remembered also that a pause is not necessarily to be made at the end of each line. If the thought runs over into the next line the pause is omitted. As in prose so in poetry,—the pause comes at the end of the phrase unit, regardless of line or punctuation. Students will need also to feel the sense of the poetic spirit of the poem. When a word or a phrase stands for a feeling rather than a fact, let the emotional nature

experience that feeling. For instance, in the poem by Wordsworth, "The Daffodils" there occur the two lines,

> Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way.

To the reader these two lines must come as more than a fact. He is to feel all the beauty, the brilliance, the throb, the sparkle, and the mystery suggested by the milky way.

L'ALLEGRO.

> Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek;
> Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.
> Come, and trip it as you go
> On the light fantastic toe;
> And in thy right hand lead with thee
> The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
> And, if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

—*John Milton.*

DRIFTING.

My soul today
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks

Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

THE DAFFODILS.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*Wordsworth.*

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world; with kings,
The powerful of the Earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,—
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the Sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan, that move
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams. —*W. C. Bryant.*

"IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS."

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower.

In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided
snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated
slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to
blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous
West.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

—*John Wilson.*

THE MERCY SPEECH IN "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—*Shakespeare.*

GOOD-MORROW.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow;
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin-redbreast,
  Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
  Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
  Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
  Sing my fair love good-morrow;
    To give my love good-morrow
    Sing birds in every furrow.

—*Heywood.*

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

O a wonderful stream is the river Time,
  As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
    rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge
    sublime,
  As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes
    of snow,
  And the Summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf; so they come
    and they go,

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

—*Benj. F. Taylor.*

AMERICA

Thou mighty nation, great and free,
Whose glory cannot die,
Let our exultant song to thee
Now echo far and high.
Let all, who thy free bounty share,
Allegiance firm for aye declare
To thy benign and equal sway,
Where all who rule obey.
To thy sacred shrine each freeman brings
Devotion all unknown to kings,
Worthy the minds and hearts wherein it springs.

Though rich in glory be the past,
  Our destiny today
Demands achievements new and vast,
  To speed us on our way.
Two heaven-sent tasks must yet be
    wrought,
Oppressors must be sternly taught,
  Both rich and poor to fear our laws,
  And love's most holy cause.
In honor, truth and valor won,
Make labor, law and love as one,
And heaven be thus on Earth begun.

—*Dewey.*

THE BROOKSIDE.

I wandered by the brookside,
  I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
  The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
  No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
  I watched the long, long shade
And, as it grew still longer,
  I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
  I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROOK.

Oh, it was a dainty maid that went a-maying in the morn,
  A dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
The ways she took were merry, and the ways she missed forlorn,
  And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty maid,
  The little winds they kissed her, every one;
At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid,
  And the water lay a-wimpling in the sun.

Oh, the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook,
Lingered down as lightly as the breeze;
And the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look,
And the happy water whispered to the trees.

She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty maid,
But first she lifted up her elfin eyes
To see if there were cavalier or clown anear to aid,
And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet,
But the dainty, dainty maid was not content;
She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid unmeet),
And the shy water twinkled as it went.

As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid,

Oh, maidens, well you know how it was done!
Stood a-gazing at her feet, until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-wimpling in the sun.

Now that simple lad had in him all the making of a man,
And he stammered, "I had better lift you over."
Said the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think you can?"
And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

So he carried her across, with his honest eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight,
And the maid, she looked him over with her elfin eyes of brown,
And the limpid water giggled at his plight.

He reached the other side; he set down the dainty maid;

But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word;
Then the dainty, dainty maid, "Thank you, sir! Good-day!" she said,
And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

Oh, she tripped away so lightly, a-maying in the morn,
That dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
But she left the simple country lad a-sighing and forlorn,
Where the mocking water twinkled to the sea.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel

With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers:

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—silver bells;
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,—golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells! how it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,—brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced Moon.
O, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging and the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

CHAPTER VIII.

EXERCISES FOR FULLNESS, BREADTH AND POWER OF TONE.

If the practice of the preceding work has been carried on faithfully, the student is ready for this last group of selections. In these selections the student will work for larger, broader, rounder, and more powerful tones. The ideas are larger and more significant, and this must be experienced in his thinking as the student practices. Once the voice is a free and normal agent, vocal effects are entirely a matter of thought and feeling. That is, the voice will reflect that thought and that feeling which the speaker actually experiences vividly. First the idea, then the spirit of the idea, and then the utterance. But even then, the voice technic is not to be forgotten: the open relaxed and still throat; the flat tongue; the rounded mouth; the focus of tones at the lips; the dia-

phragmatic supply of air and diaphragmatic support of the tone.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on
his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which
aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping
on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,
"Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her;
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard
the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and
staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the
flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered
and sank.
So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright
stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is
in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a
moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix
from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster
let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

—*Robert Browning.*

Herald of Burgundy, in God's name and the King's, I bid you go back to your master and say this; Kings are great in the eyes

of the people, but the people are great in the eyes of God, and it is the people of France who speak to you in the name of this epitome. The people of Paris are not so poor of spirit that they fear the croak of the Burgundian Ravens. We are well victualed, we are well armed, we lie snug and warm behind our stout walls. We laugh at your leaguer. But when we who eat are hungry, when we who drink are dry, when we who glow are frozen, when there is neither bite on the board, nor drop in the pitcher, nor spark on the hearth, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be the same. You are knocking at our doors; beware lest we open them and come out and hold talk with the enemy at our gates. We give you back defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow. This is our answer, this and the drawn sword. God and St. Denis for the King of France.—*McCarthy. Answer to Burgundy, in "If I Were King."*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof!

—*Shakespeare. King Henry V to His Soldiers.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
  I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
  From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
    conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—
    roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
    vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
  Stops with the shore;—upon the watery
    plain
  The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
    remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
  When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
    groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and
unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what
are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were
free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores
obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone. —*Lord Byron.*

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears.

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were
left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE RISING OF 1776.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud
beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,

Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swell'd the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
  And some esteem'd of gentle blood.
  In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd mid the graves where rank is nought;
All could not read the lesson taught
  In that republic of the dead.
How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
  The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
  Deck'd in their homespun flax and wool;
  Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
  A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

* * * * * * * * *

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had order'd so—
Th' enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seem'd the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seem'd as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answer'd, "I!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

THE REVENGE.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: " 'Fore God, I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"
Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five
ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down
below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they
were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the
ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the
weather bow.
"Shall we fight, or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this
sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all
good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we
roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the
heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her
ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half
to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the
long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down
from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at
the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came
out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the
one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with
her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shat-
ter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this
in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short
summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left
the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing
it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the
side and the head
And he said, "Fight on; fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay
round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were
most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and
the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying
over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir
Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their
courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a
valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound
to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
ville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been
so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of
Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and
his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for
aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down
into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a
swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and
long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had
ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the
weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great
gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by
an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down
by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

THE PLAINSMAN.

O give me a clutch in my hand of as much
  Of the mane of a horse as a hold,
And let his desire to be gone be afire
  And let him be snorting and bold.
And then with a swing on his back let me fling
  My leg that is naked as steel,
And let us away, to the end of the day,
  To quiet the tempest I feel.

And keen as the wind with the cities behind,
  And prairie before like a sea
With billows of grass, that lash as we pass,
  Make way for my stallion and me!

And up with his nose till his nostril aglows,
  And out with his tail and his mane,
And up with my breast, till the breath of the West
  Is smiting me, Knight of the Plain!

—*Mighels.*

THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
  That laugh all day through the tangled hair,
Gazing with baby looks so wise
  Over the arm of the oaken chair.
Dearer than you is none to me,
  Dearer than you there can be none,
Since in your laughing face I see
  Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
  Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,—
What to you is the wind that blows,
  Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
  Glints on the gold from your tresses spun;

But deep is the drifting snow to-night
  Over the brow of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
  Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
  That nestled once in this hand of mine.
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
  Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
  That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may!
  Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
  Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs!
  Sing till your baby days are done!
But oh! the ache of the heart that longs
  Day and night for the other one!

—*Anon.*

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